

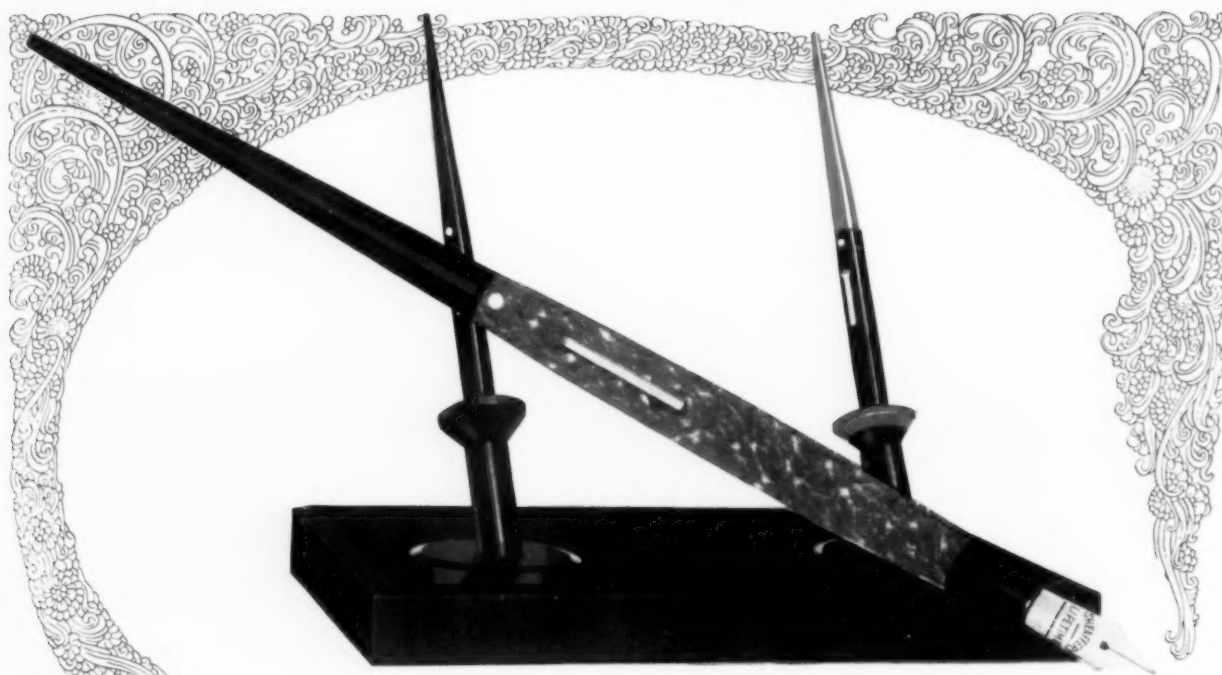
# Life

April 29 1926  
Price 15 cents



*Spring Cleaning*

N



Identify the aristocrat  
of pens by this  
white dot

## Sheaffer has given the world a new idea

The old-fashioned inkwell and its many inconveniences are now things of the past. The Sheaffer fountain pen desk set is the *modern* writing instrument. A fountain pen always at hand, ready for instant action. No caps to unscrew. And never a dry point to annoy. A beautiful ornament for the finest office or home desk. The tapering pens are full brothers to the now famous jade-green Lifetime—the pen with the white dot. Made of Radite, a new and beautiful material that is practically indestructible. *And they are guaranteed for a lifetime.* Let your dealer send one of these remarkable sets on approval—today.

Prices \$10 to \$30, complete with Lifetime pens

Regular Lifetime pen, \$8.75. Others lower.

# SHEAFFER'S

PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY  
FORT MADISON, IOWA

DONALD  
DEWITT

T H E · N E W · H U P M O B I L E · S I X



**So far superior in fine  
six-cylinder perform-  
ance — so beautiful in-  
side and out — so sound  
and good in its rec-  
ognized Hupmobile  
quality — that it seems  
downright extrava-  
gance to pay more  
for any six**

## **HUPMOBILE SIX**

NEW SERIES HUPMOBILE EIGHT

—There is not an eight power plant in  
existence more soundly engineered; nor a  
performance program which can surpass it



# THIS IS WORTH READING

IS it hard to believe that Chrysler Imperial "80" has so improved upon all previous practise? Well, it was hard to believe at first of the Chrysler "70"—but all the world *knows* it now. Chrysler engineers—and Walter P. Chrysler himself—have been in the thick of things since this business began. He, behind the scenes, manufacturing thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of cars and dreaming the dream which has come so gloriously true. There are no older cars in the industry in hard, practical experience, untiring research, and broad, ambitious vision, than the cars which bear the name of Chrysler. If you find yourself tingling with enthusiasm over the new, fresh and vigorous qualities of the Chrysler Imperial "80"—if you find it hard to understand how this advance was brought about—remember, first, the Chrysler "70" and then the life-time of labor that has gone into the building of the name of Chrysler.



## CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"



EIGHTY MILES PER HOUR

NINETY TWO HORSE POWER



APR 27 '26

# Life



THE CANDIDATE CAME OUT FLAT-FOOTED.

## Change Signals—Shift!

**S**HORT skirts are still up for consideration, as you might say, but after all, only three classes are against 'em: dress-goods firms, reformers, and husbands. And the husbands are not unanimous. Their thought is, briefly—It all depends on whose wife.

The husband to whom short skirts have been brought home is the one that suffers. The poor creature never asks his wife to sit down. If he can only keep her standing, he has about four inches less of embarrassment to endure. When she insists on sitting, he sighs heavily, takes a seat opposite and makes frantic signals.

These signals are probably the most unsuccessful method of communication devised in this age of progress. Reception is rotten; short of making the announcement in loud tones and in so many words, an unhappy spouse seldom can get through to the wife the idea of downward revision.

Several masked messages which have been known to work are here offered in a spirit of helpfulness:

*Form 2A*

"Don't you feel a draught around your ankles, darling?"

*Form X359*

"It's quite dark outside now. Perhaps we'd better pull down the shades."

*Form 7E—Official*

"I suggest we sing that rare old sea chantey, 'Avast, Lower Away.'"

*Form BVD*

"I see you are all ready, my dear, to show us that new Charleston step."

*Fairfax Downey.*

## Degrees

**RUTH:** Is Harold timid?

**GRACE:** Not so far.

**RUTH:** How far do you mean?

## The Motor Trip

**T**HE early start, scheduled for eight o'clock, which with one thing and another doesn't materialize until noon...The crawling and creeping in heavy traffic until you get out of town...The heated argument as to the best road to take...The decision and growing realization that if this is the best road it would be interesting to see the worst...The enormous truck and trailer bulging over most of the road ahead of you...The frenzied efforts to pass it...The hairbreadth escape from collision with an oncoming Ford as you finally manage to pass the truck...The rich contributions made to the American language by the driver of the truck, the driver of the Ford, and you...The closed road and the detour over the longest, roughest, narrowest cowpath in the western hemisphere...The discovery that the Blue Book is lost and so are you...The village idiot who gives you directions for locating the State highway...The sudden downpour of rain...The flat tire...The village idiot's friend who tells you of a wonderful short cut...The signpost asserting that you are only ten miles from your destination...The geological epoch of driving...The signpost asserting that you are still ten miles from your destination...The arrival at the hotel near midnight...The condescending clerk who knows nothing about your wire for rooms and can't do anything for you because the hotel is filled with visiting Elks...The solemn oath never to leave your home again if you live long enough to get back to it.

*Robert Lord.*

## Realism

**"DAUGHTER,** there's a spot on your stocking."  
**"But I haven't any on, Mother."**



**"I THINK THIS FLORIDA BOOM IS ABOUT OVER."**

**"SURE IT IS. I'M A CALIFORNIAN TOO."**



### Mr. Benchley Interviews the Countess Karolyi

**A**N interview with Countess Karolyi was very difficult to get, as she is not allowed to enter this country and I am not allowed to leave it. So we met at the drug store on the corner.

The Countess being Hungarian, it seemed that the least I could do would be to conduct the interview in her native tongue. It certainly wasn't the best I could do.

"*Hogy szercted amerikat?*" I began, as a feeler. It wasn't much, as feelers go, but I am not very strong.

"*Köszönöm nagyon,*" she replied, blushing prettily. I had not looked for this frankness. I glanced out over the blue Mediterranean, ob-

viously waiting for her to break the silence. I had not long to wait.

"*Asz önök épületegi igen maghsak,*" she said, so low that I could hardly hear her. It was like a bombshell.

I wheeled and confronted her.

"*Gondolja hogy a Ni holgye ink szójeck talán?*" The situation demanded it. I have no apologies to offer.

Fortunately for the interview, the bell in the monastery tolled eleven at just this moment. There was one extra stroke—for the war tax.

"*Hánz ora?*" I asked, more for something to say than anything else.

Countess Karolyi glanced over her shoulder apprehensively. I had evidently confused her.



"YEP, THAT'S HIS MISSUS—AND SHE'S GOT HIM WRAPPED AROUND HER LITTLE FINGER."

"*Tisz peresel mult öt,*" was all that she could reply. But it was enough. I had fainted.

"Do you mind if we speak English from now on?" she said when I had opened my eyes. "You speak Hungarian so fast that it is difficult to follow you."

I smiled. "Look!" I said, pointing to the courtyard below. They were changing the guard, a ceremony which consisted of putting a false beard and blue glasses on the watchman. It certainly changed him, except that his nose gave him away.

"*Magyen szeretlek Te enzm?*" I asked. It was a silly thing to say, but it seemed pat at the moment. Now I realize that it was Mike.

Her reply was characteristic. "*Nom magyen,*" she said and hid her face.

We reached home at eight o'clock, tired but happy, and all agreed that it had been the most interesting hike the Club had taken thus far.

Robert Benchley.

### A Pedestrian Vocabulary

**F**IZZ: We were sailing along—

Fuzz: In a boat?

Fizz: No, walking;— when Susie came flying round the corner—

Fuzz: In an aeroplane?

Fizz: No, walking;— and she said that a man was rolling along towards us—

Fuzz: In an automobile?

Fizz: No, walking;— so we all began to trot along—

Fuzz: On horseback?

Fizz: No, walking;— but when we came in sight of the house, we stopped—

Fuzz: WALKING?

Fizz: No, perambulating!

C. R. D.

### Out of Luck

**Y**OU can hit some pedestrians all of the time, and you can hit all pedestrians some of the time, but you can't hit all of the pedestrians all of the time," lamented the Sunday motorist as he straightened his mudguards at the end of a perfect day.

**H**E (driving on): Who said, "Go West, young man"?

SHE: Dunno—but he was too damn polite to be a traffic cop.



"BUT SURELY FRED AND DOROTHY'S DIVORCE IS SETTLED BY NOW."  
"OH, NO! YOU SEE, THEY ARE STILL DISPUTING OVER THE CUSTODY OF THE PEKINESE."

## Broadway Babbitts

**I**T seems there were a couple of actors riding in from Great Neck on the train....

**FIRST HAM:** Well, I say, hello, old chap—how are you?

**SECOND HAM (exchanging fingertips):** Oh, I say, this is nice. Well, and how are you?

**F. H.:** Top hole, old boy, thanks awfully. Well, how are you?

**S. H.:** Right as rain, old bean, thanks awfully. I mean to say, topping.

**F. H.:** Righto. Fancy seeing you here. You're not on the road now?

**S. H.:** Not now. I was; rather a nice thing, too. "The Raspberry Blonde"—William Terris is producing it. Not a perfect part, mine. Didn't quite give my personality its opportunities, you know what I mean, but it had big moments.

**F. H.:** You mean you gave it up?

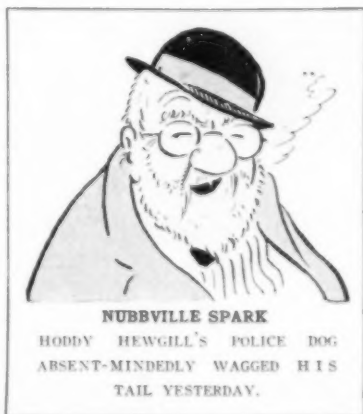
**S. H.:** Left them flat on their backs. I walked right in to the producer. I said, "Look here, Bill," I said, "of course, I don't presume to tell you how to run your business, but you've got two young leading men in the cast besides myself, and it is top-heavy. Schildkopf is simply crabbing my stuff."

"You mean you want to quit?" he said. "Precisely," I said, and I left them flat. Of course, Schildkopf has a Broadway name, but he's not versatile, know what I mean. Of course, he killed the show. It never got out of the sticks.

**F. H.:** Naturally. You made a mistake working for Terris. Just a Babbitt type—no imagination, no ideas, full of alibis, just a reflection of other men in the game. A man of talent must have appreciation. I'd have played

the Top Sergeant in "What Price Glory?" if I'd been sure I was going to get the right sort of appreciation. The producers came to me and asked me if I'd take the part. Well, I said I'd look over the 'script. I always believe in looking over the 'script. I told them a few days later that I thought the part gave me some rather lovely moments. Of course, I didn't commit myself definitely. Afterwards, I was rather glad, because their attitude showed I couldn't be sure of the right sort of appreciation.

**S. H.:** You were wise. A man has to be careful. That reminds me of a nifty I picked up at the club the other day. "It seems there were a couple of actors riding in from Great Neck on the train...." *Sterling Patterson.*



NUBBVILLE SPARK

HODDY HEWGILL'S POLICE DOG  
ABSENT-MINDEDLY WAGGED HIS  
TAIL YESTERDAY.

## Not in Stock

**ELDERLY GENTLEMAN** (at news-stand): Can I get something to read here?

**NEWSDEALER** (arranging his display of tabloid newspapers, candies and toys): Say, whaddye think 'is is—a drug store?



COMPLIMENTS OF BABE RUTH.

### Office Manners

ARTHUR wins first prize for politeness. While using the dictaphone the other day he hiccupped and promptly said, "Excuse me, please!"

It's these little things that mean so much to the stenographers.

### His Threat

MOTHER: If Bob tries to kiss you, call on Father.

JANE: Then Bob would retaliate.

"How?"

"He'd call on Susie."



He: DO YOU ALWAYS THINK OF ME?

She: WELL, NOT ALWAYS. WHEN I THINK OF ANYTHING I THINK OF YOU!

Life



Lines

SOME of the rare Italian cheeses are stored four years to season. This might be tried on BENITO MUSSOLINI.

¶

The MACFADDEN publications are now producing movies based on their own true stories. Suggested title: "Came the brawn."

¶

Perhaps it was because our quota of spring tears had been exhausted, but somehow we managed to master our grief on reading that two dry agents had been poisoned by bad liquor while quaffing "evidence" in a Bronx speak-easy.

¶

We note a news report which states that so-and-so will be assigned to take care of Prohibition in Chicago. The purist would have written that "sentenced."

¶

"BIG TIM" MURPHY has carried out his threat to make America suffer for the three years he spent in Ft. Leavenworth. TIM has written another prisoner's song.

¶

The telephone has celebrated its fiftieth birthday and Dame Rumor hath it that the man who in 1876 called for the supervisor in order to make a complaint has just been connected.

¶

In this up-and-flying world, parents will soon be able to tell their children how they can remember when the North Pole used to be considered uptown.

¶

Holding stanchly to our 100 per cent. Americanism, we judge that, in the soap which is  $99\frac{44}{100}$  per cent. pure, the other  $\frac{56}{100}$  must be a foreign substance.

¶

"The world doesn't need any more inventions just now," says THOMAS A. EDISON, voicing the hope of the multitude that the radio loudspeaker is the last word.

¶

"Mrs. Alvira McKeever has been removed to the Memorial Hospital, where she will undergo an operation. Her gasoline station will be closed indefinitely."

—Herkimer (N. Y.) Evening Telegram.

And that is one operation any lady may be forgiven for talking about.

¶

Oculists will hold their convention this year on July 4th. The official song will be (you guessed it!)—"Oh, Say Can You See—?"

¶

There are now four genders—masculine, feminine, neuter and flapper.

## Cousin Julia from the Open Spaces

## III. The Peripatetic Lounge



MY cousin and I walked up the west side of Fifth Avenue to Forty-eighth Street. There, finding a bus very much held up by the traffic, and being exceedingly weary in the knees, I suggested that we get aboard and rest for a few minutes.

"It's headed the wrong way," said Julia. "We don't want to go back down-town."

"My dear girl," I said, not a little pleased with at last being able to show her something she didn't know about New York, "you don't understand. Come along."

We sat down near the door of the bus on the seat facing the sidewalk.

I was very tired. My knees were as weak as bootleg gin. We had just been on a prolonged tour of the Library, searching for the spot on which "What Price Glory?" was written. It was Julia's idea; I didn't know the play was supposed to have been written there. But if it was, I thought that we could easily distinguish the room it was composed in by the broken chairs and bent lamps and cracked tables; I knew that these things would probably have been repaired after the writers had kicked their way out for the last time, but I felt that repairs as extensive as these must have been would be visible. We looked high and low without finding even a piece of shell or a cigarette butt. I pulled my cousin away, beseeching her not to believe everything she saw in the magazines. I was glad to sit down; I was, oh, so tired—as I have said.

"This is very nice," conceded Julia, after a time, looking round at the interior of the bus.

"It's the nearest approach we have to the Parisian sidewalk cafés," I said. "There's nothing to drink, of course, but, then, there are no waiters, either, which compensates for that. I have always felt that any café would be improved if it had no waiters. This isn't exactly a café, though; its principal function is not to feed us, but to de-

velop our latent leisure. New Yorkers are supposed to be in a perpetual hurry, but, I ask you, what could be calmer than all this? Look at our conductor, for example."

He had got down as usual and strolled politely up to the driver's window; here he leaned a casual elbow on the sill and pushed back his cap.

"There is a great deal of talk about the traffic problem, but I think it would be a pity if it were solved. As it is, we have here an example of Fifth Avenue in peace."

"It's usually called *The Avenue*, isn't it?" said Julia. "In the accounts I have read, famous people are always meeting famous people on *The Avenue*. Do you keep up with 'New York Day by Day'?"

I told her it was difficult to keep up with New York at all, living in it as I did. "But I try to get away for a few weeks in the summer and read up on it."

"Read McIntyre," she said. "You shouldn't neglect him if you expect ever to know anything about New York."



"WE WERE STILL AT FORTY-EIGHTH STREET."



"SEARCHING FOR THE SPOT ON WHICH 'WHAT PRICE GLORY?' WAS WRITTEN."

And then the *Cosmopolitan* is good, too. A person really ought to know New York, don't you think?—who's in town, what the new night clubs are, how to get to this place and that."

I took off my hat as a man passed before us on the sidewalk whom I was sure I had seen somewhere. "Hello, John," I murmured, remembering of a sudden that he was a paying teller in my bank; we had seen a good deal of each other since Julia came.

"Who was that?" asked Julia.

"To me there's only one John," I said.

"Barrymore!" exclaimed Julia. "He looks stouter than in the movies."

I told her that I understood he had taken on some weight recently.

Our conductor, after chatting for a time with our driver, had walked a few steps farther on and was now in conversation with the conductor of the bus in front; our driver was out tightening up on a bolt in the chassis. The bus was occupied only by a few loungers like ourselves. The boy in the advertisement was still languidly brushing his teeth to the gentle throb

of the motor. It was all very quiet and restful.

"Had you heard that those traffic towers are made of solid copper?" went on my cousin.

I informed her that such was the story then going the rounds of the night clubs.

"There go Lillian Gish and Michael Arlen," I said. "Too bad you can't see their faces; you should have looked sooner."

I pointed out various other interesting people. Jack Dempsey passed before long, and General Pershing.

Pershing had scarcely crossed the threshold of Childs' when our conductor returned and cut a light buck-and-wing on the rear platform. After a time the driver backed up a foot or two in order to keep the tires from wearing out in one spot.

"Well, shall we go?" said Julia, dusting off her nose.

I felt better for the rest and was quite willing to walk on up-town. I called the conductor and paid the cover charge. He helped us to alight; we were still at Forty-eighth Street.

We wandered up the sidewalk, I fairly pleased with having introduced Julia to one phase of New York life that she had not covered in her reading. At just the moment that the man stopped us I was thinking that my cousin's opinion of me was higher than it had been; I had not made her show any signs of surprise, but I had not expected to be able to do that.

We had come to the corner of Fiftieth Street when the tragedy broke. I look back on it now with some sadness, but I encourage myself with the thought that up to Fiftieth Street I had done very well.

This man, then, stopped us and said to me:

"Excuse me, but can you direct me to the Knickerbocker Grill?"

My reputation ran along the ground for a few feet, then took flight over the spires of St. Patrick's. I knew that I was ruined; I knew that all my pains with Julia had been for nothing.

"Sorry," I said to the man, confronting the inevitable with as much boldness as I had; "sorry, but I'm a native here myself."

"Go south along the Avenue to Forty-second, then west to Broadway." It was my cousin speaking, and she pronounced the words looking at me with a good deal of honest, and I dare say righteous, scorn. *Berry Fleming.*

### Comparison

IF the man in the store merely sells you what you want, he is only a clerk.

If he sells you *this*, when you wanted *that*, he is a salesman.

If he sells you *this and that*, when you wanted nothing, he is a super-salesman. *R. G. E.*

FRIEND: What are you running for?

RUNNER: There's a circus in town and a lion broke loose.

"Which way'd he go?"

"Well, you don't suppose I'm chasin' him, do you?"



## The Harried Housewife

**H**AUL out the vacuum, bring me the broom,  
Hand me the duster, the pail and the mop;  
See how my husband has messed up this room—  
Matches and ashes...I wish he would stop!  
Where is the hearth brush? The dustpan, oh, where?  
What is this stuff on the dining-room floor?  
Whose are these rubbers left here on the stair?  
Why can't they learn what a doormat is for?

*Ashes to ashes,  
Dust to dust,  
If the crumbs don't get you  
The soft coal must!*

Fold up those papers and throw them away,  
Put back those books...no, not there...on the shelf;  
Haven't I told you enough times a day?...  
Here, let me have them; I'll do it myself.  
Whose are these mittens out here in the hall?  
Don't put them on the piano to dry!  
Who moved the sofa? Now look at the wall!  
Oh, I'm so nervous I think I shall fly.

*Ashes to ashes,  
Dust to dust,  
If the kids don't kill you  
The housework must!*

Answer the telephone, fill up the sink—  
Who's using water? I can't get a drop.  
Smash all the dishes! My brain's on the blink...  
Wind up the Victor and don't let it stop.  
Turn on the radio...ah, that sounds good!  
Send for the doctor and phone to your Dad.  
Tell them I lasted as long as I could...  
Toodley-oo, dears; your mother is mad!

*Ashes to ashes,  
Dust to dust,  
If the squirrels don't get you  
The cuckoos must!*

George S. Chappell.

## Who Names the Movies?

**W**HAT, queried Father, "was the name of that movie we saw Thursday night? 'The Flare of Hell,' wasn't it?"

"No," broke in Little Daughter, aged eleven. "'The Flare of Hell' was the one we went to on Monday."

"So it was," agreed Mother. "The one we were at Thursday was called 'The Fire of Satan.'"

"No, no!" interrupted Little Daughter, again. "'The Fire of Satan' was the one you and Papa saw last week. The one we saw Thursday was 'The Flame of the Devil.' I can't imagine how you always manage to mix up the titles the way you do."

K. C.

## Fairy Story

**O**NCE upon a time there lived an agitator for beer and light wine who had some sort of idea as to what constituted light wine.



"I LEARNED A NEW CHARLESTON STEP LAST NIGHT, BILL."  
"WELL, COME ON DOWN HERE WHERE THERE'S MORE ROOM  
AND SHOW IT TO ME."

## The Aftermath

"I'M sorry," said the pitcher, "but if Biggins is going to umpire to-day, I don't think I'd better play."

"Why not?" inquired the manager.

"You see, it's this way," explained the pitcher. "Last winter when I was down in Florida I sold him a lot."

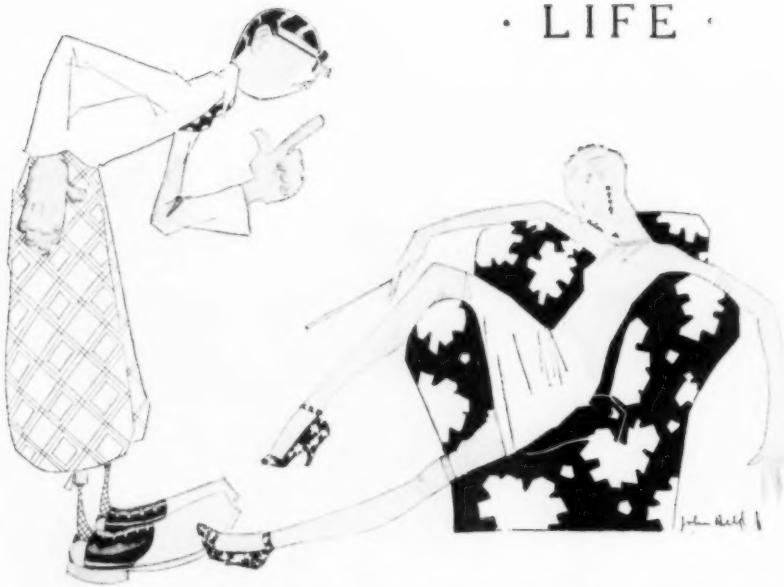
**B**EAU BROADWAY: What's all the excitement down the street?

BEAU FORTY-SECOND STREET: Some one just saw a farmer entering the Farmers Loan and Trust Company.



Husband: NO, I'M NOT GETTING UP, M'DEAR. I'M WORN OUT  
—DREAMT ALL NIGHT I WAS MOWING THE LAWN.

## • LIFE •



*The Physical Culturist:* THE SECRET OF KEEPING MY YOUTH IS THIS—I AM IN BED EVERY NIGHT AT NINE O'CLOCK.

*The Flapper:* THEN WHY DO YOU WANT TO KEEP IT?

### *Mrs. Pep's Diary*

*April  
6th*

In a great wax this morning when the first post arrived, for it did contain a summons from the income tax bureau to appear on such and such a date to explain concerning my report for two years back, which God knows was honestly made and simple enough for the merest clerk to comprehend, and why the government should add the insult of such inconvenience to the injury of overtaxing us I do not see, and I should be for paying the bureau no heed whatsoever were I not in such terror of those stamped purple hands pointing to statements that the penalty for ignoring this notice will be a fine of fifty dollars or a commensurate jail sentence. Nor was I heartened much, neither, by a letter from Aunt Caroline asking me to clip back copies of the *Times* for her so that she might learn who bought this and that at the Huntington sale, but being more fearful of her than I am of the law, I did set forth at once and searched through the files, a tedious business, until I found her requirements. Then to buy me a hat as an antidote to so much gloom, and, not finding exactly what I did want, was forced to content myself with a light blue felt, smart enough, and possessed

of a wider brim than has been on sale for several seasons....For tea at the Janneys', and, it being Nip's birthday, I did stop at a florist's to get him a gardenia, but the man had nought but white carnations, which, as I told Nip later, was my good fortune, forasmuch as a gardenia would have cost at least a dollar and a half, and I did lay out but fifteen cents for the pink. Much gossip, amongst which I did hear how



"THE JUDGE GIMME NINETY DAYS AT HARD LABOR—AN' ME A LABOR LEADER!"

a young blade of our acquaintance, taking home a benedick friend after a two-days' spree on the latter's part, had been entreated to enter the house first in order to instigate propitiations, and had been hit over the head with a golf stick through mistaken identity and forced to spend several days in the hospital.

*April  
7th*

Lay late, pondering such *bêtes noires* of my existence as long pointed fingernails, ostrich plumes and windows open from the top, and setting against them such delightful things as fresh writing pads, patriotic tunes and maidenhair fern, until the good in the world seemed sufficiently to outweigh the bad. Pondered, too, the expedience of my innate tendency to propitiate the gods, having come of late to feel that a fine indifference to fate attracts more good fortune than its careful soliciting, and being certain that a ram in the pantry, speaking figuratively, is worth two on the altar. So up and off to luncheon with Lily Bacon, and she tells me that since she has tenanted a ground-floor apartment, she might as well be conducting a free publick, and has almost determined to have a turnstile put up in front of her door into which each applicant for entrance must drop at least a dollar before he can pass, her telephone and liquor bills having increased so prodigiously since she gave up her old apartment that nothing short of a benefit performance at Tex Rickard's new Garden can make her again solvent at her bank. But I saw nought in the repast set before me to indicate the imminence of the bailiff, and I did eat far more of the pilaff than was good for me, weak and gluttonous zany that I am....This night I did read in a book about the social side of diplomatic life how royalty initiates all topics of conversation and suffers no contradiction, and it did remind me of Sam's story of the king who, when an opponent at bridge said, I shall bid one heart, retorted, You will do nothing of the sort; you will bid four spades, and I shall double. But Lord! the law of compensation does work even at courts, forasmuch as royalty can accept no presents, and what would life be like without the occasional opening of an unexpected package?

*Baird Leonard.*



Mental Hazards — — — — — *The Caddy*



## THE GAY NINETIES

A SOCIAL HAZARD IN THE NICE NINETIES—THE GUEST WHO INADVERTENTLY USED THE WORD  
"LEG" INSTEAD OF "LIMB."

## Collegiate

YOU know, I really have just one  
great wish in this world.  
I'd like to be collegiate.  
I'd like to wear a loud sweater—  
And baggy pants—  
With a coonskin coat—  
And not wear garters.  
I'd like to put college stickers on  
my car—  
And learn to play a ukulele—  
And sing those cute college songs—  
And go out with girls every night.  
But, really, you know, I've hardly got  
enough time to do all that stuff—  
I go to college. W. R. H.

NOW YOU  
TELL ONE

"MY dear friends," said Mr.  
Henry Mencken to the  
members of the Dindale  
Methodist Sunday School, "I  
cannot find words to tell you  
how I have enjoyed the privi-  
lege and honor of being with  
you this morning."

## Perfectly Safe

HER LOVER: Isn't there danger of  
your husband's coming home some  
time and catching us?

HIS LADY FRIEND: Not a bit—my  
husband's a detective.

## Hardened

OUR idea of a confirmed wet is he  
who sits down with a bottle beside  
him and enjoys a talk by Wayne B.  
Wheeler on the radio.

MABEL: What do you think of my  
new fur?

MAZIE: It's the cat's, dearie!

## The Perfect Sucker

HE believes the confession magazines print true stories. He believes a reform candidate, if elected, can clean up a city.

He believes oil- and mining-stock circulars when they say the heads of the concerns are lying awake nights planning to enrich him.

He believes there is something about him that attracts women.

He believes he is fooling people when he brags.

He believes he could become a Hercules by taking lessons by mail, and always intends to do so.

But he says you can't believe a word you read in the newspapers because they are all owned by Wall Street.

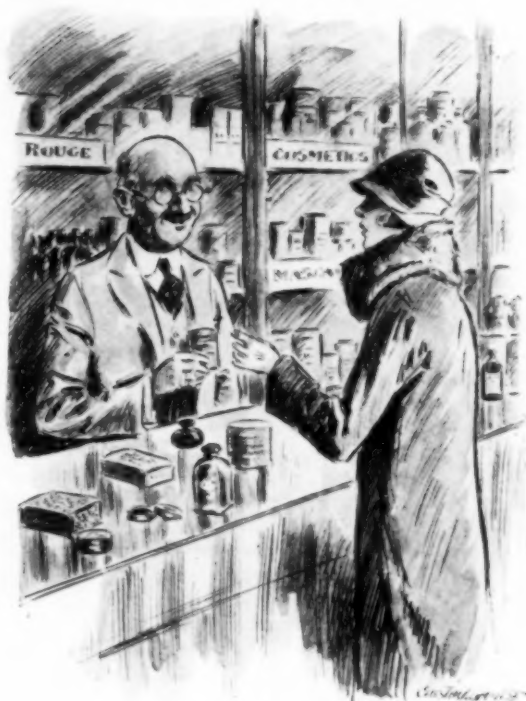
*C. Eadie.*

## The Simple Life

"WE'VE bought a co-operative apartment. There are six families in the building. You pay seventeen thousand dollars, then you live there free for the rest of your life. It's a great saving. Janitor? Taxes? Running expenses? John didn't mention them, but he did say if anything comes up, all we have to do is to call a meeting of the six families and agree. It's very simple."

*G. N. M.*

FROM the newspaper headlines after the attempted assassination of Benito Mussolini, one might judge that the dictator has a good nose for news.



HER FACE IS HIS FORTUNE



Student in Foreground: I LIKE COLLEGE LIFE, ALL RIGHT, BUT GOSH, THE UNIVERSITY BORES ME!

## Outline of a Pair of Shoes

THEY first appeared in the show window marked at the regular price, \$8.50.

"I like that little pair of shoes," Mrs. Psmythe told Mrs. Pjones. "But I really don't believe they can be good, serviceable shoes at that price."

A week later the two ladies passed the window again and saw the same shoes marked down to \$5.85.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Psmythe, triumphantly. "I told you there was something the matter with them."

The next week the shoes were on the \$3.29 bargain counter. Mrs. Psmythe thumbed them over reflectively.

"No," she said to Mrs. Pjones, "they can't be any good."

The following week Mrs. Psmythe saw them in the basement, priced at \$2.37. She tried them on.

"They feel just fine," she declared. "But they really wouldn't wear, you know, and they're out of style now."

Another week rolled around. The shoe store put on a GIGANTIC REDUCTION SALE. PRICES SLAUGHTERED. Among the SACRIFICES was this pair of shoes, marked DOWN to \$14.95.

Then Mrs. Psmythe bought them. *Asia Kuyotcan.*

## Knocked Cold

GARRY: Bad auto smash, eh?

OWEN: Bad? Man, it was terrible! Why, the drivers weren't even able to get up and fight!



"SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE DESERVED"

## The Lethal Question

*Or, The Murder of a Well-Read Man*

"DAMN it, man!" cried Jameson distractedly. "It's true! I didn't kill Smillick!"

"Now, now—" said Jameson's attorney. "Please think, Jameson. Let's go over your story again, please."

"Oh, what's the use! When a man's own lawyer—"

The attorney put a gentle hand on Jameson's knee and looked benignly into his harassed face.

"You didn't like Smillick, did you?"

"Well—no. He was—"

"Well read, wasn't he? And you had been seeing him every day for a week until the day that you—that he suddenly died—uh—in your presence?"

Jameson flushed, and almost shouted:

"Every day! Yes! Not for a week, but for—oh, it seemed years and years—every day! He would run into me—but-tonhole me—"

"What did you talk about?" questioned the attorney.

"But I've told you!" snorted Jameson. His attorney smiled inscrutably.

"Once more, old man—all the details. Perhaps you omitted something."

Jameson licked his lips and began, in a helpless, woe-begone tone:

"As I said, the first time was in the

subway. Somebody bumped me. It was Smillick. He asked me point-blank if I had read 'Old Keyhole Days; or, Fifty Years a Footman.' I told him I hadn't."

"What did Smillick say?"

Jameson gritted his teeth involuntarily.

"He said I must read it. Over and over he repeated that I must read it—all the way from 14th Street to 222nd."

The attorney eyed Jameson pityingly.

"Ah—you felt humiliated?"

"Well—yes," sighed Jameson. "And the next day Smillick dropped in at my office. He asked me—"

"What?" interjected the attorney.

"—whether I had read 'The Custard Nymph.'"

"And you told him you hadn't?"

"Correct. And he said that I must read it. Over and over he said—"

(Continued on page 35)



THAT'S MY BABY!

THE "MUTED" TROMBONE ARTIST BORROWS THE IDEA FOR SOME HOME WORK

## Loaf Sugar: A Protest

**I**RISE in wrathful protest against the cruel and senseless tyranny of lump—or, more elegantly, loaf—sugar.

I am convinced that its inventor was either a diabetic misanthrope who delighted in human suffering and discomfort, or else a thwarted soul who sought to wreak some terrible vengeance upon mankind.

There are only two uses to which lump sugar can be put where the simple granulated variety does not far better serve one's purpose—first, the feeding of sugar to stray horses by motion-picture ingenues; and secondly, the conversion of the cubes into dice when one wishes to shake for the meal.

Not even in emergencies can lump sugar be employed as a substitute for ordinary sugar. One can't sprinkle it on grape-fruit. And, placed in a cold drink, like lemonade or iced tea, it merely petrifies, and resists all efforts to disintegrate it. It will not even melt on cereals. And to scatter lumps of sugar over a dish of strawberries, for instance, would be an act of weak-mindedness.

You've simply got to have a bowl of the usual sugar on hand anyway. And people are always passing you the wrong bowl. In restaurants, when you ask for sugar, waiters make a practice of

setting the wrong kind in front of you and then quickly disappearing.

The really discouraging part of it is that there is some sort of social prestige attached to lump sugar. No hostess would think of offering a guest the ordinary, honest, straightforward, convenient granulated sugar.

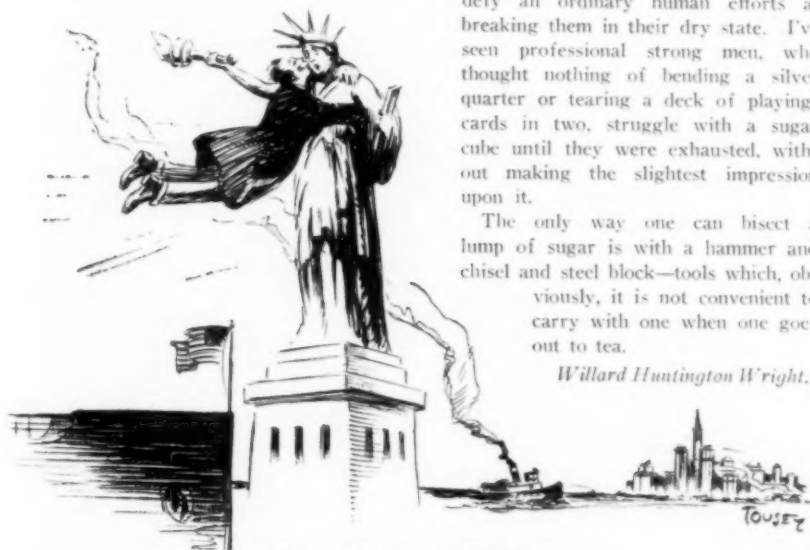
And therein lies the low Machiavellian cunning of the marplot who foisted it upon us. He knew perfectly well that no sane person would use it unless it were a stringent social obligation, with the penalty of ostracism attaching to its non-employment.

The burden of loaf sugar could be borne more easily were it made in small lumps. But no! Out of sheer cussedness, it is cut in a size least suited to man's needs. The inventor has worked out his scheme with such fiendish ingenuity that—almost without exception—one lump is too little, and two lumps are too much; or else two lumps are too little, and three lumps too much. And, unless a drink is practically boiling hot, lump sugar necessitates no end of stirring, prodding and crushing with the spoon before it will dissolve.

Moreover, these lumps are deliberately made of a shape and texture which defy all ordinary human efforts at breaking them in their dry state. I've seen professional strong men, who thought nothing of bending a silver quarter or tearing a deck of playing-cards in two, struggle with a sugar cube until they were exhausted, without making the slightest impression upon it.

The only way one can bisect a lump of sugar is with a hammer and chisel and steel block—tools which, obviously, it is not convenient to carry with one when one goes out to tea.

Willard Huntington Wright.



"HOME AGAIN, THANK GOD!"

IF THE RETURNED TRAVELER OBEYED THAT IMPULSE



WHAT HE REALLY TOOK WAS A  
MEMORY COURSE

"YES, I TOOK A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN  
ETIQUETTE THIS SPRING, BUT I FORGET THE  
NAME OF THE SCHOOL."

## Can't Live Without It

**I** JUST love swimming.

Plunging in and racing the crowd  
out to the raft the way they do in  
Society moving pictures—

Doing the standing-sitting-standing  
dive while the cameras click—

Showing the Australian crawl to a  
hotel full of envious week-enders—

Giving a life guard a few pointers—

Taking a morning dip before sun-up  
in an icy mountain tarn—

Taking it easy from Dover to  
Calais—

I just love swimming.

Who took my water-wings?

McC. H.

## Class in Psychology

**P**ROFESSOR: What is meant by  
"personal magnetism"?

**FRESHMAN:** It means the stuff a  
real-estate salesman has that will enable  
him to draw a crowd to his subdivision  
without resorting to bathing beauty con-  
tests, free rides, free lunches, band con-  
certs, free shows or balloon ascensions.



APRIL 29, 1926

VOL. 87. 2269

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by  
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R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor  
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THERE ought to be some way of ascertaining people's religious beliefs without calling on them to testify about them. Some people do not

like to tell what they believe; a great many others do not know. This group that does not know includes a large proportion of people who suppose they do know. Take the case of Burbank, that most interesting and beneficent man, who came out a little while ago and said he was an "infidel," meaning that he did not subscribe to the general line of beliefs people held. Was it important that he should? How can one estimate that? Burbank lived a kind of consecrated life, devoted mainly to improving the condition of mankind by making better vegetables and handsomer flowers for them. He seemed to work right into the industries of the Creator. He had wonderful shaping hands and a creative mind. As one sees his picture in the paper he looked attractive; austere and yet gentle. His life, as the papers tell of it, involved a disappointment about a girl early in life. He could not get the one he wanted, and seemed not to see that there were other girls around undoubtedly worth having, who might be had. He had a lot of concentration in him. He seems to have concentrated on this one girl. Not getting her, instead of taking to drink or something objectionable, he took to improving potatoes, and thereafter for years, instead of raising a family of children, he raised these remarkable plant families, and devoted himself to them with the results that we all know and admire. In course of time he made a marriage that was a

failure. Long after, when he got to be along in years, sixty-seven, he married his secretary, who was devoted to him and to his work.

All that it seemed to come to when Burbank called himself an "infidel" was that instead of studying religion he had studied plants, and made a kind of religion of that.



IT often happens to scientists, to doctors, to people devoted to the pursuit of a special branch of knowledge, to be agnostic in religion. They see their specialty, which is a kind of religion in itself, big, and it obscures their vision of truth in other forms. Men have distinct callings: Burbank had plants; the elder Rockefeller had organization of business and accumulation of money; Harriman and many other men had railroads. Just now, all over the country but especially hereabouts, there are men who seem to have a call to the construction of buildings. That job will be accomplished pretty soon, just as, in a measure, railroads have been accomplished and the organization of business. What becomes of men who work at such callings when they die? Does anybody suppose that they are estimated in the *au delà* according to their agreement with, or deviation from, whatever happened in their day to be orthodox religion? That does not seem likely. The parable of the talents comes in. If they used and developed their talents, they must surely have something coming to them. They carry with them into the next life, not the buildings they built, not the railroads

they laid, not even the plants that they improved, but the development that came to them by the effort they had made in all these useful services.

Of course, whether their lives have been good or bad makes a difference. Burbank's life seems to have been very good morally and in every way, and it is notable about it that he cared very little for money and would not turn aside from the work that interested him to make money. He worked for the work's sake, and took what money came of it. He would not lecture, not even for a great price. Of course he did sell his improved agricultural and horticultural products, but money profit always seems to have been secondary to him. In that he was an example to his brethren in this life.



THE discussion of the Wets and Drys before the Senate committee has been interesting. At this writing the ladies are having an inning and quite a noisy one. Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, Chairman of the Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement, is the main champion of the Volstead act so far, and directs and invigorates it. Not any of the papers seem to tell who this conspicuous and belligerent lady really is. It seems that her original name was Lucy McGill, that she was born in Kansas in 1861, and married in 1881 the Rev. Norman Waterbury, a missionary to India, who lived until 1887. Nineteen years afterwards (in 1906), she married Henry W. Peabody, of Boston, who died in 1908. She was five years a missionary in India and for twenty odd years editor of various missionary magazines. For thirty years she was President of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. Her line then seems to be Baptist missions, and organization, especially of women. How much she knows about rum does not appear, but her attention seems to have been considerably distracted from the examination of stimulants to missionary jobs of one sort and another. How competent a leader she is in the regulation of American life and habits seems considerably speculative. One would not pick her as an expert on rum laws.

E. S. Martin.

# THE MONTH





"—And their eye



their eyes met."

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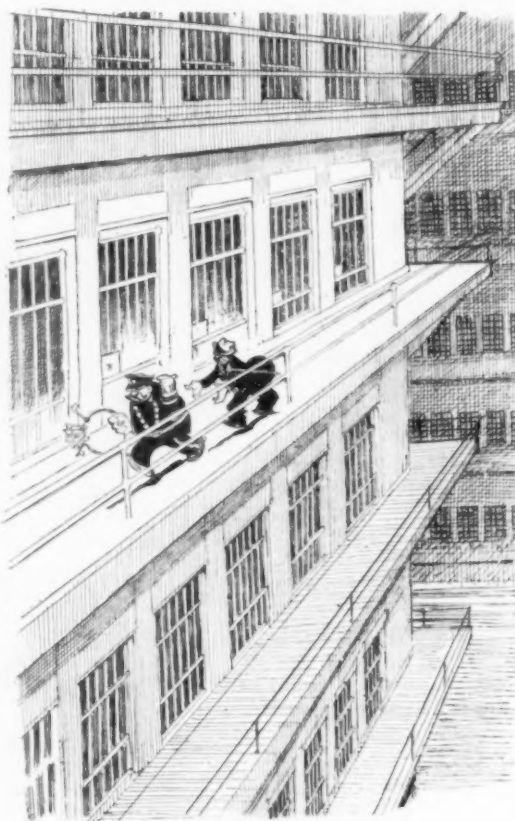
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## This Week

**Y**OU may be certain of one thing about any play with a title like "Love in a Mist," written by Amelie ("Princess Troubetzkoy") Rives, and with a cast headed by Madge Kennedy, Sidney Blackmer and Tom Powers. It isn't going to be rowdy. A more dulcet-toned group it would be hard to find, or a better-mannered. They are all, together with Miss Innescott and Miss John, who support them, very nice people.

The play does not betray them into any more vicious practices than white-lying and an occasional tentative "damn," but neither does it flood them with vitamins. What merits the performance may have are brought to it by the actors themselves in their own little hand-bags, and, as the evening wears on, these serve to keep the audience moderately satisfied.



**MISS KENNEDY**, with practically nothing to work with in the way of lines, performs her customary miracles and makes very legitimate comedy out of a hesitant little gesture here, or there a murmured protest to herself, practically clinching this department's title as the gentlest and most effective of our comediennes.

Mr. Blackmer appears to much the best advantage we have ever seen him, and Mr. Powers, in spite of having to be sparkingly Italian, plays at least one scene so well that you forget that he is part of a thin, artificial little comedy.

Incidentally, it seems to us that, beginning with "The First Fifty Years," Mr. Powers has very nearly qualified for his M. A. in the art of make-up. Some of our dramatic schools might do well to establish a chair from which he might divulge some of his secrets in this field. For they *are* secrets, if we are to judge from a majority of his fellow Equity-members.



**ONE** of the great disappointments of the waning season was "Glory Hallelujah," the play by Thomas Mitchell and Bertram Bloch which was scheduled to take the town by storm. Based on the tremendously dramatic supposition that the inmates of a Bowery hotel might one day find themselves confronted with the End of the World, a freezing-up of all forms of life owing to a prolonged eclipse of the sun, the authors got only as far as one of the most thrilling first acts we have ever seen. From then on all kinds of sluices were opened, letting in confusing

streams of theology, radio, and sex, which swirled around until the end of the third act, another moment when the play took on a belated clarity. As it stood, "Glory Hallelujah" was simply an intricate version of "The Deluge"—with a heart-breakingly fine performance by June Walker.



**PURELY** from a physiological point of view, we wish to protest the scene in "Glory Hallelujah" where, within half an hour of freezing to death, practically the entire male clientele of the hotel goes sex-mad. Granted the prevalence of the sex-impulse under favorable conditions, we can not believe that, at a temperature so low as hardly to sustain life, the Beast would be anything more than nominally master of a dying man. However, we don't get around much among men who are freezing to death and we are still not a little inhibited.



**AS** we have remarked before, a large part of the satisfaction to be derived from a Gilbert and Sullivan revival comes from the audience, many of whom have not been to the theatre since the last Gilbert and Sullivan revival. It is refreshing to sit among so many people who have bought their seats in the certain knowledge that they are going to enjoy the show. This eliminates all discussion. The only drawback is that your inveterate G. and S. fan is quite likely to hum. This is bad.

The present revival of "Pinafore" at the Century is something of which the Messrs. Shubert may well be proud. The voices are good, the choruses booming, and there is Fay Templeton, as *Little Buttercup*, who is at least three hosts in herself. Once aboard the giant ship which has been erected on the stage at the Century, they make a brave and melodious crew, and the whole occasion is one to renew your faith in everything.



**ON** the souvenir program of the first representative performance of "Pinafore" given in this country (1879), we find an advertisement for "Keep's Patent Partly-Made Dress Shirts, 6 for \$6 only." We do not know what a "partly-made dress shirt" may have been in 1879, but if the old patent is still in use it would explain a lot of the trouble we have with ours.

Robert Benchley.

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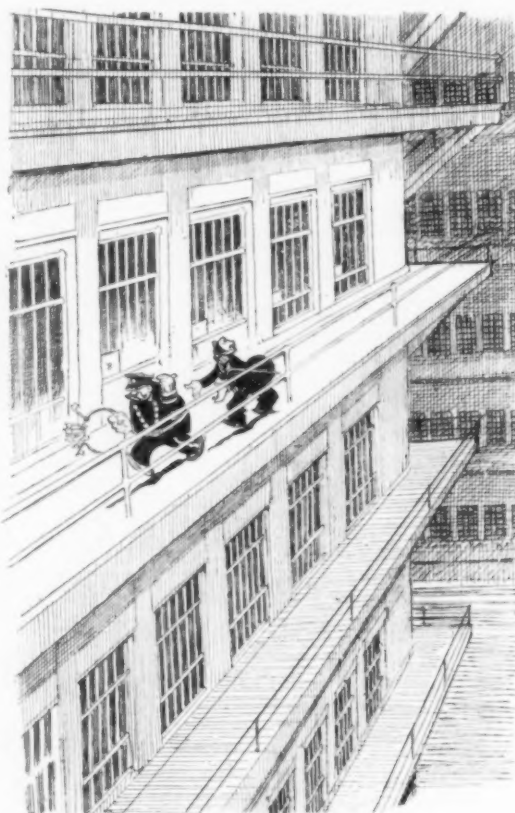
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*New Arrival:* COULD YOU LET ME HAVE NUMBER 47, OFFICER? I'M SORT OF SENTIMENTAL ABOUT THAT CELL. IT WAS ME FATHER'S WHEN HE WAS IN JAIL.



## This Week

**Y**OU may be certain of one thing about any play with a title like "Love in a Mist," written by Amelie ("Princess Troubetzkoy") Rives, and with a cast headed by Madge Kennedy, Sidney Blackmer and Tom Powers. It isn't going to be rowdy. A more dulcet-toned group it would be hard to find, or a better-mannered. They are all, together with Miss Innescott and Miss John, who support them, very nice people.

The play does not betray them into any more vicious practices than white-lying and an occasional tentative "damn," but neither does it flood them with vitamins. What merits the performance may have are brought to it by the actors themselves in their own little hand-bags, and, as the evening wears on, these serve to keep the audience moderately satisfied.



**MISS KENNEDY**, with practically nothing to work with in the way of lines, performs her customary miracles and makes very legitimate comedy out of a hesitant little gesture here, or there a murmured protest to herself, practically clinching this department's title as the gentlest and most effective of our comediennes.

Mr. Blackmer appears to much the best advantage we have ever seen him, and Mr. Powers, in spite of having to be sparkingly Italian, plays at least one scene so well that you forget that he is part of a thin, artificial little comedy.

Incidentally, it seems to us that, beginning with "The First Fifty Years," Mr. Powers has very nearly qualified for his M. A. in the art of make-up. Some of our dramatic schools might do well to establish a chair from which he might divulge some of his secrets in this field. For they are secrets, if we are to judge from a majority of his fellow Equity-members.



**ONE** of the great disappointments of the waning season was "Glory Hallelujah," the play by Thomas Mitchell and Bertram Bloch which was scheduled to take the town by storm. Based on the tremendously dramatic supposition that the inmates of a Bowery hotel might one day find themselves confronted with the End of the World, a freezing-up of all forms of life owing to a prolonged eclipse of the sun, the authors got only as far as one of the most thrilling first acts we have ever seen. From then on all kinds of sluices were opened, letting in confusing

streams of theology, radio, and sex, which swirled around until the end of the third act, another moment when the play took on a belated clarity. As it stood, "Glory Hallelujah" was simply an intricate version of "The Deluge"—with a heart-breakingly fine performance by June Walker.



**PURELY** from a physiological point of view, we wish to protest the scene in "Glory Hallelujah" where, within half an hour of freezing to death, practically the entire male clientele of the hotel goes sex-mad. Granted the prevalence of the sex-impulse under favorable conditions, we can not believe that, at a temperature so low as hardly to sustain life, the Beast would be anything more than nominally master of a dying man. However, we don't get around much among men who are freezing to death and we are still not a little inhibited.



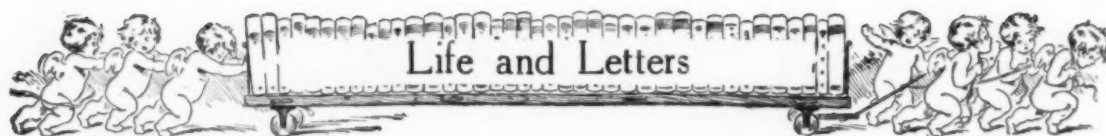
**AS** we have remarked before, a large part of the satisfaction to be derived from a Gilbert and Sullivan revival comes from the audience, many of whom have not been to the theatre since the last Gilbert and Sullivan revival. It is refreshing to sit among so many people who have bought their seats in the certain knowledge that they are going to enjoy the show. This eliminates all discussion. The only drawback is that your inveterate G. and S. fan is quite likely to hum. This is bad.

The present revival of "Pinafore" at the Century is something of which the Messrs. Shubert may well be proud. The voices are good, the choruses booming, and there is Fay Templeton, as *Little Buttercup*, who is at least three hosts in herself. Once aboard the giant ship which has been erected on the stage at the Century, they make a brave and melodious crew, and the whole occasion is one to renew your faith in everything.



**ON** the souvenir program of the first representative performance of "Pinafore" given in this country (1879), we find an advertisement for "Keep's Patent Partly-Made Dress Shirts, 6 for \$6 only." We do not know what a "partly-made dress shirt" may have been in 1879, but if the old patent is still in use it would explain a lot of the trouble we have with ours.

Robert Benchley.



**"THE SOCIAL SIDE OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE,"** by Maude Parker Child (*Bobbs-Merrill*), is a naïve attempt on the part of the wife of our ex-Ambassador to Italy to tell the folks back home what it was all about. The point of view is somewhat four-years-in-Europe-and-never-lost-a-spangle, because, in pointing out the gaucheries of which many women in diplomatic circles can so easily be guilty, Mrs. Child skilfully implies that the dear old U. S. A. had no cause to blush for her, even when her small daughter went so far as to kiss King Albert's hand after making her curtsy. A slight snobbery permeates her pages, for she cannot mention her *suite* on the boat without adding *de luxe*, her remark-makers "accept another helping of sweetbreads from an impassive butler," and the fine brocade of the divan on which she chances to be conversing with this or that bigwig figures in the text without adding anything to the advancement of the exposition or plot. But for those who like the trappings of this world, it is almost as much fun to read about real kings and queens and dukes as about imaginary ones, and I confess to a decided entertainment and benefit from Mrs. Child's efforts. The chapters dealing with transatlantic marriages, bargain hunting abroad and the position of the American wife in Europe are illuminating, even if corroborating illustrations seem a little too pat to be entirely true. Mrs. Child has performed her task thoroughly. In fact, after reading carefully "The Social Side of Diplomatic Life," almost any woman of suitable tact and intelligence could be the wife of an Ambassador to Italy, once she had mastered the difficult feat of making three curtsies whilst backing out across a wide room from the presence of royalty.

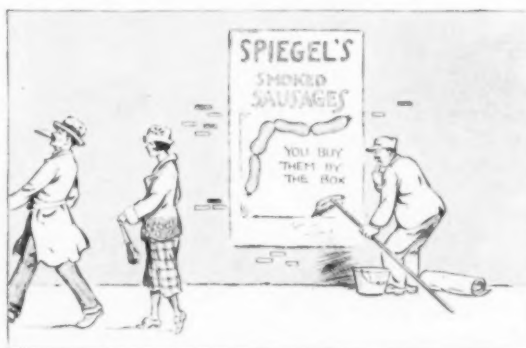
**"MADAME DE POMPADOUR,"** by Marcelle Tinayre (*Putnam*), excellently translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne, is a study in temperament which tells most of the truth about the woman who deliberately set out, without a phantom of chance to tempt her, to catch the eye and favor of the King, and succeeded. With no more auspicious beginning than following his hunt persistently in a blue phaëton, she is a shining example of the theory that one can have what one wants in the world if only one's desire for it is of sufficient magnitude.

It is impossible in this space to do more than commend to you this personal photograph of a certain period of Louis XV's court, from which little girls waiting for their Fairy Princes will learn that thorough training in the

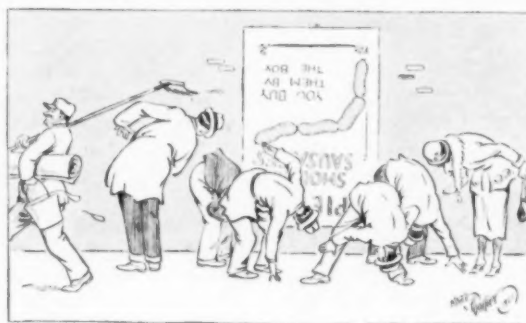
ability to entertain and divert is even more important than come-hither eyes and a skill in the use of cosmetics.

**"OLIM MEMINISSE IUVABIT"** is Virgil for "Some day it will delight us to remember," and that is exactly the reaction which anybody who was very young in the 'nineties gets from Mark Sullivan's "Our Times—The Turn of the Century" (*Scribner*). It is a panorama of the last thirty-five years which those who have grown up during that period will find vastly diverting. It presents the high lights of our history, literature, politics, art, drama, etc., with the fads and foibles of succeeding days amusingly reflected in the reproductions of popular songs, fashion plates and cartoons, many of the latter from *LIFE*. Indeed, this magazine is entitled to take a modest bow for the credit given it by Mr. Sullivan for its contributions to national satire. "Our Times" is a fascinating book.

**"THREE PREDATORY WOMEN"** (*Doran*) is a title made to almost anybody's eye, but the beginning of the first of the stories which it covers may give you a start, because instead of finding yourself in the boudoir or drawing-room which you might reasonably have expected, you are thrust aboard a merchant sailing vessel, and surrounded with so much nautical conversation from strong seafaring men that the flutter of a petticoat seems an unlikely thing, and you feel that the binders must have made a mistake, as they did once in confusing the covers of a murder-thriller with the text of Theodore Roosevelt's African experiences, and embedded the latest Mayfair novel between boards intended for a spinner of adventure  
(Continued on page 31)



THE BILLPOSTER PASTED HIS BILL RIGHT SIDE UP AND NOBODY STOPPED TO LOOK AT IT, SO—



HE PASTED THE NEXT ONE UPSIDE DOWN, WITH THIS RESULT.

# Poor Heroine!

**P**AGE 1—She burnt her fingers playing with fire.

Page 32—Her friends cut her.

Page 78—His eyes bored into the back of her head.

Page 84—Her countenance fell.

Page 106—Her cheeks were flaming.

Page 130—His look pierced her like a knife.

Page 151—Her eyes dropped.

Page 179—An old flame embraced her.

Page 193—Her heart broke.

Page 200—The iron entered her soul.

Page 207—Terror froze the blood in her veins.

Page 218—She lost her head.

Page 229—Her face softened.

Page 254—She was in a stew.

Page 281—She steeled herself.

Page 294—Her conscience pricked her.

Page 310—She wept scalding tears.

Page 338—His words stung her.

Page 357—She melted right into his arms.

Page 358—He smothered her with kisses.  
*Blaine C. Bigler.*

## Habit

"I SAW a robin to-day, Mother, and—" began Willie.

"Robbery, dear, not robbin'," interrupted his mother.

**O**LEOMARGARINE is something you take for butter or for worse.



*Umpire:* THAT'LL BE ALL FER YOU; YE'RE OUT OF THE GAME.

*Batter:* I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN', DID I?

*Umpire:* WHAT WUZ YOU MUMBLIN' UNDER YER BREATH?

*Batter:* I WUZ ONLY SAYIN' TH' MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

*Umpire:* WELL, DON'T GO MULTIPLYIN' AT ME; YE'RE OUT OF THE GAME.

## On Any Street Corner

"I SHOULD like a newspaper, my good man."

"Yes, sir, what paper?"

"I should like something in a nice brown."

"Sorry, sir, but I am just out of browns. Wouldn't a pink do? I have some lovely pinks."

"I am sorry, but I do not like pinks. Have you any mauves?"

"No, sir, I haven't one on the place. I should be glad to show you the greens I have. Would you be interested in the greens, sir?"

"I am very sorry, my good man, but

I do not like green. Let me see. Have you a buff?"

"Not a buff on the place, sir. I am expecting a large shipment any time, though. Could I interest you in a nice black and white?"

"Sorry, old fellow, but they are so overdone, don't you think? I shall drop around to-morrow to see what you have."  
*J. D. R.*

## Primed

**T**ED: I hear Tom started in business on a shoestring.

**NED:** Not exactly. He had a slogan.



"ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU"



MODERN CONSTRUCTION

*Contractor: IT'S YER OWN FAULT, MISTER, FER ALLOWIN' YER WIFE TO PRACTICE THE CHARLESTON AT HOME.*

## As You Pick Out Your Car

*Being a Step Toward the Standardization of Modern Buying Methods*

SCENE: *The better sort of drug store.*

THE SALESMAN: Interested in our toothbrush line, sir? You've certainly come to the right place. And just in time for our 1927 models. What's more, I think I can get you immediate delivery. Yes, sir!

THE CUSTOMER (*picking up toothbrush*): This looks pretty sweet.

THE SALESMAN: Sweet, sir? I'll say it is. Absolutely hotsy-totsy. Feel the balance of it. Look at the way she sits in your hand. Look at those lines. Baby! Reaches every tooth in your mouth without even shifting your wrist!

THE CUSTOMER: That's all right about the handle. How about the bristles?

THE SALESMAN: V-type bristles vulcanized in a triple-lock base. Spaced with micrometrical accuracy for the greatest air circulation and adjusted to the most efficient and economical spread of tooth-paste.

THE CUSTOMER: But will she hold powder without spilling?

THE SALESMAN: She's a flapper's nose!

THE CUSTOMER: Any extras?

THE SALESMAN: Man—ask me that again. I'm not going to say a word about the handsome sealed carton and the book of instructions, but we also give you a quadruple, nickel-plated, individual, one-brush hook to hang it up

on, and a sanitary glass traveling container, capped at both ends with a perforated aluminum cap! At both ends, mister, not just one end!

THE CUSTOMER: Sounds like what I've been looking for.

THE SALESMAN: Everybody's been looking for our toothbrushes. People have been buying them that never owned a toothbrush before. I tell you it's the toothbrush at the price.

THE CUSTOMER: Well, you're selling me. How about colors, now?

THE SALESMAN: Any color you want—or a handsome ivory finish.

THE CUSTOMER: No—I think I'd like a red one, like this.

THE SALESMAN: Fine! Nice, cheery color for the early morning. Will you use my fountain pen, or your own?

THE CUSTOMER: Well—er—I sort of want my wife to see it before—oh, here she comes now. (*Mrs. Andy Consumer enters the salesrooms.*) Hello, dear. What do you think of her?

THE CUSTOMER'S WIFE (*picking up brush and running her thumb over the bristles*): Seems kind of stiff.

THE SALESMAN: She'll loosen up once she's been run around the gums a bit.

THE CUSTOMER'S WIFE: But, George—George! It's got a red handle.

THE CUSTOMER: Sure; I kind of—

THE CUSTOMER'S WIFE: Nonsense! It

won't match your bathrobe. Do be sensible. You know blue's the only color that will go with that bathrobe of yours. And it's such a pretty bathrobe.

THE CUSTOMER: Couldn't I brush my teeth in my pajamas?

THE CUSTOMER'S WIFE: George! Don't be indecent! Besides, you take cold so easily!

THE CUSTOMER: Well, all right, then. I'll have a blue one.

THE CUSTOMER'S WIFE: Yes, George, if you *must* have a new toothbrush, get a blue one. I like blue.

THE SALESMAN: A lovely color. Just sign here on the dotted li—

THE CUSTOMER: *One moment, young man! (He takes another toothbrush out of his vest pocket and sets it down.)* There, look at her! In constant use, night and day, for eight months—eight months, and I tell you I haven't spared her. Look her over. A darn good brush for the shape she's in.

THE SALESMAN: Yes, she's pretty good, pre-tty good!

THE CUSTOMER: Well, then, before I sign up, how much are you going to allow me on the trade-in?

*Henry William Hanemann.*

BOOTLEGGERS are offering a new spring line of whisky of the latest cut.



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*C. Gibson*

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### "For Heaven's Sake"

**S**PEAKING of comedy, as I was only last week, there is a worthy example of screen humor to be found in Harold Lloyd's new picture, "For Heaven's Sake." This, it seems to me, is measurably above "The Freshman," which represents Lloyd's most profitable effort to date.

In "For Heaven's Sake" we observe one of those rich, idle young Society men—one of the favorite characters in comedy—who manages somehow to blunder through. It is a character that is ideally fitted to the requirements of Harold Lloyd, and he performs it in the style to which his admirers have become accustomed. He is remarkably good, and a liberal proportion of his laughs are obtained with no recourse to comical situations or gags—a rare enough achievement.

It is impossible to describe the gags with which "For Heaven's Sake" abounds, and I don't intend to bore the readers of this page with any laborious analyses. Therein lies the true value of entertainment of this sort. It can't be put into words. It can be told only as it should be told, in pictures that move on the screen.

Sam Taylor, who directed "For Heaven's Sake," has enlivened the piece considerably with flashes of imagination which are distinctly above the usual gag-comedy average. There is one scene with a crescent moon, for instance...but I won't try to describe that, either.

Suffice it to say that "For Heaven's Sake" is a darned funny picture.

### "Kiki"

**NORMA TALMADGE** tries hard in "Kiki" to inspire some laughs on her own account; in fact, at times she tries a bit too hard, and the result is not particularly happy.

Perhaps I am not qualified to render an impartial verdict on "Kiki," as a picture. I saw "Kiki," as a play, with Lenore Ulric—and those who saw Miss Ulric are almost sure to expect too much of Miss Talmadge.

The screen "Kiki" is a fairly accurate duplication of the stage version. The flip little heroine is the same "nameless, homeless" *gamine* who bounded from "the dust of the gutters—into Paris' frenzied whirl of riches and romance" (I am quoting the advertisements). She is, of course, a shade purer, more noble, more impeccable than Lenore Ulric represented her—and certainly several thousand miles removed from the character as originally created by André Picard. But that, of course, is inevitable in the movies.

"Kiki" was directed by Clarence Brown, who has done a pretty good job with it. Ronald Colman, as the hero, is restrained, intelligent, well balanced and generally excellent—but there's no news value in that statement.

### "The Flaming Frontier"

**S**OMEHOW or other, I am beginning to believe that I shall not be heartbroken if I never see another epic. There have been swarms of them since James Cruze first assembled his covered-wagon troupe in the Utah desert.

The winning of the West has been viewed from almost every conceivable angle; and while the thrill is still there, it is not enhanced by such frequent repetition.

"The Flaming Frontier" is a composite of all the epics, with rather more of "The Pony Express" than anything else. It is exciting at times, pictorially effective, and accurate—but there is no element of originality or distinction in it. In story and in method it is thoroughly hackneyed.

Hoot Gibson gives a marvelous exhibition of horsemanship, but he is obviously not at home in the more amorous passages. The scenes of Custer's last stand are, as usual, extremely stirring.

### "The Blind Goddess"

**G**OOD Paramount pictures are not particularly frequent these days, and it is therefore a pleasure to find one which is worthy of praise.

"The Blind Goddess" has the essentials of dramatic strength, and it is exceptionally well played. Ernest Torrence and Louise Dresser give splendid performances, and Jack Holt and Esther Ralston manage to make the love interest interesting.

The plot, it must be confessed, is not entirely of fresh material—involving, as it does, a rising young district attorney, a murder, and a lurid lady who turns out to be somebody's mother. Even the old stuff, however, is good when it's put over in a forceful, legitimate, convincing way.

R. E. Sherwood.



## THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

**The Barrier.** Fine photography and ham drama.

**The New Klondike.** A pleasant, easy-going story of the gold rush in Florida, with Thomas Meighan.

**The Untamed Lady.** Gloria Swanson at large.

**The Bat.** The melodrama is not particularly tense, but some of the comedy is good.

**Fascinating Youth.** A very bad picture.

**The First Year.** Matt Moore and Kathryn Perry on the matrimonial rocks.

**Miss Brewster's Millions.** Bebe Daniels in some high and fancy extravagance.

**The Cave Man.** An ingenious farce, with Marie Prevost and Matt Moore.

**The Torrent.** Greta Garbo is there with the old wallop.

**La Bohème.** Dismal doings in the Quartier Latin, involving Lillian Gish and John Gilbert.

**Irene.** Colleen Moore as a mannequin.

**Dancing Mothers.** More moralizing on the younger generation—duller than ever.

**Mare Nostrum.** Rex Ingram, Ibáñez and the Great War again.

**The Grand Duchess and the Waiter.** Brilliant acting and direction in an amusing comedy.

**Three Faces East.** Melodrama of the E. Phillips Oppenheim school.

**What Happened to Jones.** Reginald Denny in every form of slapstick.

**Partners Again.** Potash and Perlmutter gone sour.

**The Black Bird.** Isn't Lon Chaney too cute for words?

**The Vanishing American.** Richard Dix is excellent in this.

**Oh, What a Nurse!** I couldn't help laughing.

**Memory Lane.** Sentimental and nice.

**Ben-Hur.** All you could ask in the way of spectacles.

**The Black Pirate, Moana, The Merry Widow, Stella Dallas, Lady Windermere's Fan and The Big Parade**—you won't go wrong on any of these.  
R. E. S.

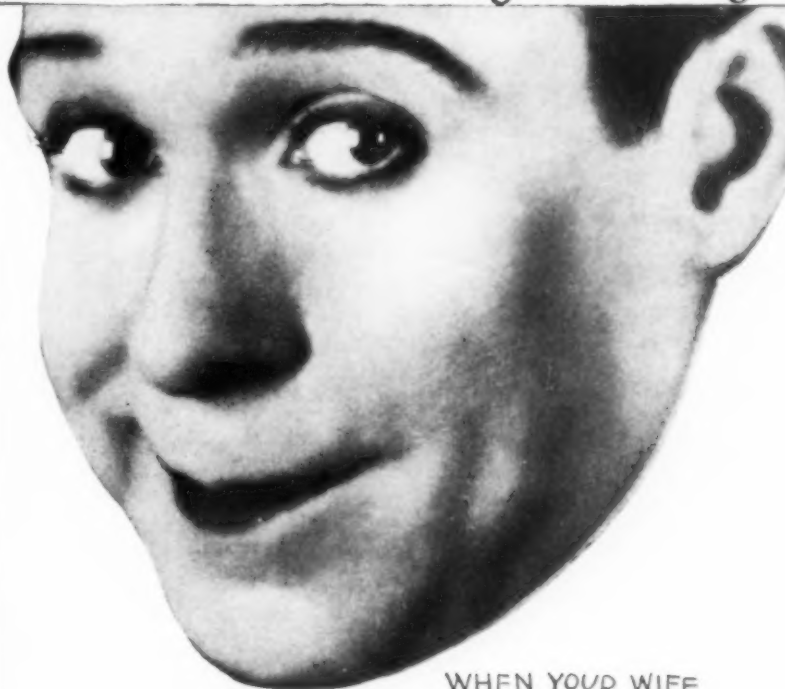
### Fashion Note

**B**LUE dinner jackets, says an English paper, are growing in favor, as this color looks better than black under a strong light. For one reason or another, they appear to be particularly appropriate for the following:

Radio Announcers.  
Prohibition Raiders of Night Clubs.  
Tired Business Husbands.  
Dramatic Critics.  
Tenors.  
Butter-and-Egg Men.  
George Gershwin. H. W. H.

**D**ON'T miss the opening of **LIFE'S TRAVEL CONTEST** in the **CLEAN NUMBER** next week.

## The man\* who makes the laughmakers laugh



WHEN YOUR WIFE  
TAKES YOU TO THE PICTURES  
AND YOU EXPECT TO SIT  
THROUGH TWELVE REELS  
OF DEEP STUFF —

AND YOU'RE WONDERING IF  
THE CHAIRS WILL BE SOFT  
ENOUGH TO SLEEP IN —

AND ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU  
SEE **HARRY LANGDON\***  
FLASHED ON THE SCREEN FOR  
THE WHOLE SHOW —



AIN'T IT A  
GR-R-RAND AND  
GLOR-R-RIOUS  
FEELIN'?

*BR 1669  
1/26*

\* **HARRY LANGDON**  
*in his first 7-Reel Comedy*  
**"Tramp-Tramp-Tramp"**

**A**  **First National Picture**



### The Conquest of the Lawn

A small girl who had been watching her father roll the lawn came into the house, where her mother inquired:

"Have you seen Daddy, dear?"

"Yes," replied the youngster, "he is out in the front yard pushing the grass back."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

### Rather Not

"A Booll y Vileses condemeath the Bough of Nine, a Loof of Blead—audthon, Besideme singina in the Nildemeso o, Nildemeso crece Pacadise enow! OMAR KHAGEJAM."

*Spanish Paper.*

With all due deference to our contemporary this is not "O. K."—*Punch*.

### Eastern Coinage

RUG PEDDLER (to very plain housewife): And believe me when I tell you, mum, a rug like that down in Persia is the usual market price of three beautiful ladies like yourself.—*London Mail*.



### NO GAMBOLING

"SPRING IN THE AIR, MR. CROCHET."

"EH?"

"I SAID, 'SPRING IN THE AIR!'"

"WHY should I? EH, WHY should I?"

—*Humorist (London)*.

"He's a jack-of-all-trades."

"A druggist, eh?"

—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

### Winner Take All

Around the docks they are now telling about the man who came back from Havana on the S. S. *Reliance*, much perturbed about the forbidden fruit he had with him. The customs officer asked if he had anything to declare. Like the honest citizen he was, he pointed to his daily dozen and murmured, "Three for you and nine for me."

"Wal," drawled the officer, "you're warm but you ain't quite right."

"Six for you and six for me," whispered the trembling citizen hopefully.

"Naw!" muttered the champion of the law. "But you're warmer—twelve for me!"—*New Yorker*.

### A Dark Chapter

A boy had been absent from school for some time, and on his return the history teacher asked: "When were you here last, Johnnie?"

"When we murdered Edward II, sir," came the reply.—*London Daily News*.

A LONG time ago the great thinkers agreed that poverty was the chief source of crime. If only they could see the United States now.—*Columbia State*.

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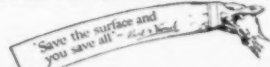


Besides  
Cinderella's slipper  
wasn't made of glass/

Slippers of sable---not glass---clad the dainty feet of Cinderella. The error occurred in translation.

Along with this fallacy discard the one about high quality and low price never going hand in hand. Berry Brothers' Lionoil Floor Enamel is the most durable and satisfactory finish that can be used on old board floors, porches and decks---and costs no more than paint. It is made in eight colors.

Here's quality plus value! One coat of Lionoil Enamel outwears two or three coats of paint.



**BERRY BROTHERS INC.**  
Varnishes Enamels Stains  
Walkerville, Ont. Detroit, Mich.



Wife: WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DEAR?  
Unsuccessful Suburban Gardener: OUT TO WATER THE  
WORMS AND BUGS IN THE GARDEN!



## A priceless treasure in any home—Frigidaire

INTO the homes of America has come a new standard of luxury—Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration. It has established new measures of convenience, cleanliness and economy. Because it provides thoroughly dependable refrigeration at all times, it has made possible a new richness and delicacy of flavor in all foods. Hospitality, from the simplest of refreshments to the most formal of entertaining, has become at once easier and more enjoyable.

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being enjoyed by more than one hundred thousand Frigidaire users.

We will be glad to mail on request a very interesting book of architects' designs and plans for kitchens equipped with Frigidaire. It contains valuable suggestions for those who are planning new homes. And it shows, too, how easily Frigidaire may be made to serve in the home you now have. Write for this book today.

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## SELKIRK CAMP FOR BOYS

*In the Cariboo Range  
British Columbia, Canada*

FOR a limited number of boys between the ages of fourteen and nineteen, offering for the first time two months in the magnificent Selkirk in a spot recently set aside by the Government as a big game refuge.

From the Camp's log home, nestled along balsam firs at the head of Bear Lake, a series of lakes stretch away in a mighty horseshoe 152 miles in length, enclosing some 1500 miles of virgin mountain land. In this wilderness roam undisturbed and mighty moose, the caribou, goat, bear, and beaver; and in its lakes and streams swim the Dolly Varden, rainbow and speckled trout. The laughing of the great northern loon, and the swinging pinions of duck, geese and swan cut the clear air.

Camp program includes canoe trips of two weeks or more through lakes, where the boys will be in almost constant sight of big game; fly fishing, water sports, panning gold from mountain streams, woodcraft, and two-week pack train trips to mountain country, all carefully supervised by internationally known big game hunting guides. Unobtrusively, yet completely, the safety of the boys will be guarded in every way by the camp personnel. Tutoring if desired.

**Sponsored and endorsed by Dr. Hugh Cabot, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Dr. W. W. Campbell, Stewart Edward White.**

Registration closes June 20th. Terms \$75.00 for eight weeks. Only highest type of boys with excellent recommendations admitted. Brochure of the camp, reference and application blanks may be secured by addressing Randolph Van Nastrand, Secretary, Selkirk Camp for Boys, 602 Nat. City Bank Bldg., Los Angeles.



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### The Magic of a Name

According to a dispatch from Lancaster, Pa., Mr. Abe Buzzard has been arrested for chicken-stealing. With this charge against Mr. Buzzard we have no concern; what fascinates us is his name. "Abe Buzzard!" Was there ever a more striking name? One rolls its rich harmonies, its pungent dissonances under the tongue; it satisfies, and one does not weary of it. All in all, we believe this is the finest name we have ever heard. It is far superior to that name reported to have been given to a child at a Georgia christening, which was: George Washington Christopher Columbus Roosevelt Douglas Lee James Jeffries Joe Gans Johnson Booker T. Admiral Dewey Thomas Jefferson Moses Sherlock Holmes Hezekiah Obadiah Abraham Lincoln Jones.—*New York World*.

**In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

### Midshipman Easy to Date

The cruising college sailing from New York next October will be on the high seas for the greater part of eight months. One can hear some of the less rugged scholars even now feebly piping: "Steward, I don't feel well enough for the whole economics course; just serve me one page of Greek and an orange in my stateroom, please."—*New York Sun*.

### A Distinguished Clientele

"My son tells me that you have allowed him to run a bill here for three years. I have therefore come..."

"That's all right, Sir John, there is really no hurry."

"As I was saying—I have come therefore to ask you to make me a suit!"

—*London Evening News*.

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters, sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Joke

(By Our Joke Editor)

CUSTOMER (to young lady pianist in music store): Do you play "Always"?

PIANIST (who up to that time had taken no part in the conversation): No, madam, only from ten to three.

(End of joke.)

—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

"It is possible," said the sword-swallower, "to combine a devout life with business." And Friday found him on the stage, swallowing a sword-fish.

—*London Daily Express*.

**NEXT week — the CLEAN  
NUMBER**—with announcement  
of Life's Travel Contest.

## STOPS SHOPPING SICKNESS

and the exhaustion, faintness, nausea and dizziness caused by travel motion. Journey by Sea, Train, Car, Auto or Air in perfect comfort with Mothersill's.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct  
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.  
New York Montreal London  
Paris



### O Mores!

It's passing strange  
How times do change!

Once Mencken was a highbrow habit;  
Now it seems odd  
That he's the god

Of Mr. Boob and Mr. Babbitt.

—*Chicago Daily News*.

### What Is Man?

Man has recently been described as "an indecent incident in the life of one of the meaner planets." Sounds as if the author had just returned from his first spring round of golf.—*Collier's*.

A WRITER observes that many men owe their success to their wives. Others owe their wives to their success.—*Idcas*.



"NOT GUILTY, YOUR HONOR."

"BUT YOU ANSWER THE DESCRIPTION EXACTLY—YOU ARE YOUNG, SLENDER, ELEGANT, DISTINGUISHED."

"I'LL CONFESS — I am GUILTY, YOUR HONOR."

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS**  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

## Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

yarns. But finally the Captain's wife appears, and you understand. She was the kind of woman who would tell a man that she was his little pal, and then kiss him. And she believed that there was excitement, rather than safety, in numbers. It worked very well with the tough and melancholy tars, but when she began to practice on the young author whom her husband was taking around the Cape for romance and copy, it was something else again, and in the end, even though he had told her he loved her, she had to stay on the boat and watch him slowly recede to land on the tender. The ladies of the other two tales have much the same instincts but far different environments. One is the wife of a world-famous tenor, the other a lass encountered in the Australian bush, where generally, as is so frequently remarked, it is next to impossible to find anything. Sydney Loch is the creator of the designing and alluring females.

JANET BEECHER remarked several years ago in "Fair and Warmer" that a woman would fall in love with *anybody* in Venice, and L. P. Hartley must have heard her, because his "Simonetta Perkins" (Putnam) deals with the tender, distraught feelings aroused in the bosom of *Miss Lavinia Johnstone*, of Boston, by a dashing gondolier. Unfortunately the author does not characterize his heroine much beyond the point of making her seem occasionally not all there in the head, so it is not possible to work up much sympathy for her, especially as she seethed in secret and merely simpered in the presence of her Adonis. I'm sure that no young woman of to-day—not even one from Boston—would have been so inhibited. Perhaps that should read "*certainly* not one from Boston." There is some comparative remark made about "Zuleika Dobson" on the jacket, but we'll let that pass. "Simonetta Perkins" remains for me just one of those productions by a writer who prefers "the subtle nuances to the bold effects in literature," with the humor so sly and restrained that sometimes you see it and again you don't. And yet a good writer, withal, is L. P. Hartley.

Baird Leonard.

## Might Have Been Worse

"JONES is disgusted because when his novel was filmed they discarded his title."

"Well, think of Smith—they filmed his title and discarded his novel."

SINCE everything else has failed, why not try a National Prohibition Week?



## JUNE

## In America's Normandy

Comparatively few have discovered the charm of June in Quebec. Here is a new-world counterpart of old-world Normandy, in life, in looks, and in language. Now, this quaint country is smiling with Spring. There is sunshine. There are apple blossoms. There is "*bienvenue*" on the lips of the sturdy peasant who passes on the wayside. And always, there is the luxurious comfort of the Chateau Frontenac, which looms there on the heights like the castle of a *grand seigneur*. Come—visit Quebec in June—the Spring of Canada's year. History and beauty dwell here, and in their midst is this most admirable hotel. Enjoy its irreproachable cuisine—its attentive service—its delightful rooms many of which command a view of miles down the mighty St. Lawrence. Come—for now, as ever, Chateau Frontenac bids you welcome!

Information at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Avenue at 44th Street, New York; 71 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago; or, Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

# CHATEAU FRONTENAC

BIENVENUE À QUÉBEC



# DON'T MISS IT!

*Next Week*  
the  
**CLEAN NUMBER**  
of  
**L i f e**

Announcing the Great

## TRAVEL CONTEST

Free Trip to Europe—For Two!  
Six Weeks—All Expenses Paid

*The Chance of a Lifetime to  
see Paris, the Battlefields,  
London—at our expense*

*Open to Everyone*

THIS is the most original, most fascinating contest that LIFE has ever sponsored. It will give the reader an opportunity to sharpen his wits on questions of historical and geographical interest. The winner will be rewarded with a six-weeks' vacation in France and England—with all expenses paid—for two people. There will be cash prizes for the runners-up.

A ten-weeks' trial subscription (for one diminutive dollar) entered NOW will enable you to follow the TRAVEL CONTEST from start to finish. And by the way, there are some marvelous issues of LIFE coming along, including the CLEAN, MOVIE, COMMENCEMENT, BROADWAY, and GOLF Numbers.

### LIFE

598 Madison Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

Please send me LIFE  
for ten weeks, for which I  
enclose One Dollar (Cana-  
dian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40).

(410)

By the Year, \$5.00  
(Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

*Join LIFE'S TRAVEL CONTEST  
and SEE THE WORLD!*



## Matched—Not Mated

YOU, whom I loved with a mighty love,  
And wooed in a whirl of emotion,  
Have tossed me aside like a mateless glove,  
Or driftwood upon the ocean.

But do not boast of the love you won,  
Nor laugh to think how I rue it.  
I'd have done the same ere another sun;  
Only, you beat me to it.

*Ida Alexander.*

## Post Impressions

*New York*

A SPEEDING ambulance running over a pedestrian....A legless beggar worth \$50,000, on a low seat with wheels, selling red-white-and-blue pencils....A detective standing outside a fashionable jewelry store, trying to look like a customer....An actor with white spats and a gold-headed stick, posing gracefully in a garish hotel lobby....A fake sale of men's furnishings featuring knock-'em-dead silk shirts....A thin, perspiring Greek making endless flapjacks behind a large plate-glass window....Three enormous, uniformed police officers tearing around a corner in a small Ford runabout....A leather-lunged thug bombarding a theatre crowd with to-morrow's newspapers....An elegant floorwalker in a frock coat, and redolent of Jockey Club, leaning stiffly over a show-case and talking furtively to a mahogany-haired salesgirl....A discharged dish-washer wearily picketing a sixty-cent Italian table d'hôte restaurant....A bare-headed chorus girl, scantily clad, hurrying along with a tin pail of chop suey....A boot-legger and a Prohibition officer lunching together in the rear room of an erstwhile saloon....A seven-foot commissioner in the uniform of a Balkan generalissimo assisting a white-haired, painted dowager out of a limousine....Two buyers from Council Bluffs getting soused on synthetic gin at a Broadway cabaret with a couple of bored mannequins....A shopgirl with streaked near-silk stockings and run-down "sample" shoes, wearing a \$3,000 mink coat....A delegation of up-State 'marms piling into a Chinatown sight-seeing wagon....A native New Yorker hastening to the Grand Central to catch the train to his home in the country.

*Willard Huntington Wright.*

## No Mystery There

STORY-TELLER: And while the little boy was sitting in his chair all alone he heard a horrible, horrible wail right behind him. What do you suppose it was?

MODERN YOUNGSTER: Static!

# Pure Fruit Juice from ripe fresh Grapes

IN each glass of this delicious fruit juice is all the delicacy of perfect Concord grapes, fresh from the vine.

And each glass—America's greatest food authorities say—brings also the health-building qualities of fresh fruit.

For Welch's is the juice of fresh fruit; the pure juice of ripe grapes pressed within a few hours after they are cut from the vine.

The best hotels serve Welch's Grape Juice every day as the breakfast fruit juice. And it is delicious with meals or between meals—blended with ginger ale or with other fruit juices, charged

with sparkling water or chilled with crushed ice.

Order Welch's Grape Juice today from your grocer, druggist or confectioner, in quarts, pints or four ounces. Try it at the fountain for luncheon or for refreshment between meals—served straight or in delicious combinations with plain or sparkling water.

Let us send you—free—our book of new fruit juice drinks "The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet." Write to The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. L-22, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Preserves, and other Quality Products. Canadian plant, St. Catharines, Ontario.



"ALL THE HEALTH-BUILDING VALUES OF THE FRESH FRUIT."



Foot-  
JOY  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
*"The Shoe that's Different"*

IT is no excuse to say that you are tired at night because you have been on your feet all day. Foot-Joy shoes—the result of over half a century experience in shoe making—have removed that excuse. You will never know you have feet at five o'clock in the afternoon from the day your foot and leg muscles feel the new sense of comfort given by the correctness of Foot-Joy support. Write for the new Foot-Joy Booklet, showing styles for all occasions.

FIELD & FLINT CO., BROCKTON, MASS.

THE "BURT & PACKARD" "Korrec Shape"

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WORLD-FAMOUS IN CORRECTING FOOT DEFECTS  
Please send me booklet offered by you

Name.....

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## The Politician's Daily Dozen

STRIKING an attitude.

Hurling an invective.

Launching a probe.

Smashing a precedent.

Countering a charge.

Lifting a ban.

Nailing a lie.

Sidestepping an issue.

Branding a traitor.

Bolstering a cause.

Clamping a lid.

Passing the buck.

## Twin Bed-Time Stories

*The Eyes Have It*

SCENE: *The Newleights' bedroom. In one bed Mrs. Newleigh is sitting up with her hands covering her eyes. In the other Benedict, as usual, is attempting to go to sleep.*

BENEDICT (*opening one eye sleepily*): What's the matter, Leila? Headache?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: No!—Benedict, I'm never going to wear glasses again!

BENEDICT (*solicitously*): Don't give them up on my account, dear, if it makes you feel that bad.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: I don't feel badly. I'm "palming."

BENEDICT (*bewildered*): Are you cuckoo—or what?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: No, I'm taking treatment from a doctor who can cure your eyes so you won't need glasses any more.

BENEDICT (*with conviction*): I was right the first time! How does he do it?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Oh, you wouldn't understand. Besides, it would take too long to explain it all to you. It's principally resting the eyes—that's what the "palming" is for—and visualizing a black dot.

BENEDICT: I'm in favor of the first part—rest. Let's let the black dots go until morning.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: But the dots are very important. When you can close your eyes and see a black period perfectly—then you have your mind under perfect control and you can do all kinds of things.

BENEDICT: Anybody can close his eyes and imagine things. (*Shuts his eyes.*) I can see a pink cow with a green tail, a ton of coal and a restless night ahead.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Yes, but you're imagining them. Visualizing them so they are just as distinct as reality is different. (*Pauses.*) Of course, it will be expensive learning. He charges twenty-five dollars a visit.

BENEDICT: Holy Mike! I see where the "palming" comes in now.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (*scornfully*): Don't be so mercenary. It's worth the cost

## Protection Doubly Assured

BEFORE investing your surplus funds take the precaution against loss by seeking the expert and conservative advice of your local or investment banker, who will gladly serve you.

## Eliminate the Loss In Investments

For, after all, good investment opportunities predominate. Caution, Care, Investigation will reveal safe and profitable channels for your surplus funds.

The Financial Article that appears in the May issue of *Harper's Magazine* will help solve your investment problems.

# Harper's

MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

to be rid of glasses. Besides, he does a great deal of good. In the afternoon he conducts a free clinic.

BENEDICT (*earnestly*): You'll stop visiting him in the morning, then! (*He thinks it over.*) You really believe there's something in this visualization racket?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Why, certainly! It's cured lots of persons.

BENEDICT: Well, then, the next time the doctor asks for his fee, tell him to close his eyes and see if he can visualize twenty-five dollars in his palm. (*Turns over.*) Good night, sweetheart.

CURTAIN

T. H. L.

## Ups and Downs

IT is worth noting that the man who has just gained fame for holding fifty different jobs in the last three years is a London errand boy and not a member of the French Cabinet.

CHAFING and RASHES  
promptly relieved and healed by  
a few applications of

# Resinol



BOW LEGS?

Our Garter (pat'd)  
Makes Trousers Hang Straight

If Legs Bend In or Out  
Self Adjustable  
It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down  
Not a "Form" or "Harness"

No Metal Springs  
Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope  
THE T. GARTER CO.  
Dept. 25 NEW LONDON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

# ORIENT

by  
Canadian Pacific

WHEN you've been there—you'll have a strange little lantern-lit dream-world inside your head—a world of color, of queer haunting scents, of songs that begin where ours end, of queer twisty streets that lead to things you never will understand. . . a world of the rustle of silk, and the soul of mystery behind a door just closed.

Japan—a gay little playhouse with all the dolls alive and smiling! China—oldest and wisest and hardest to read—endless rivers and hoary walls and gardens that say everything and nothing. Miles and miles of embroideries and carvings and paintings on silk unrolled for you in the most seductive shops. . . You'll find them at Shanghai and Hong Kong!

Korea—temples perched silent like birds above the dizzy gorges—and beaches white with pounding waves.

Let the West hurry on. . . it'll never catch up with what you find.



## 10 Days to JAPAN

Then China and Manila  
Largest and fastest steamships on the Pacific—4 Empresses—fortnightly from Vancouver.

Offices in all large cities including:  
New York . . . . . 344 Madison Ave.  
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Canadian Pacific

## The Lethal Question

(Continued from page 14)

The attorney patted Jameson's quivering hand.

"You felt humiliated?"

"Yes. The following night my wife gave a bridge party."

"Smillick—"

"—came, though he wasn't invited—backed me into a corner and asked whether I had read 'A Gentleman with a Lustre.' Of course I hadn't, and he—well, the next afternoon, at the Club, Smillick asked me whether I had read 'The Upholstered Gasp.' I hadn't. And the day after that, he caught me in a restaurant, and wanted to know whether I had read a Middle Western novel—'Heifer.' I—I hadn't. And the day after that—"

"And the day of the murder—"

broke in the attorney abruptly.

Jameson shuddered.

"I didn't kill Smillick! Listen, we met near the Women's Literary Club."

"Have you read Krokczaglicht's 'Disaster in Drinsk'?" he asked.

"No," I said. And then—and then I said, 'Have you read it?' Smillick didn't answer. He choked, stiffened up, and fell over dead. I remember now that as he fell, three—"

"Three what?" snapped the attorney.

"—three copies of *Book Looks* dropped from his coat."

"Literary supplements!" cried Jameson's attorney triumphantly. "Jameson, you killed Smillick. Congratulations!"

Tupper Greenwald.

## What You Hear When a Special Announcement Is Broadcast

STATION is broadcasting the alarm that the National of was robbed within the last Six masked bandits made their escape in a touring car number They are now on the road to proceeding at great and will fight desperately to make a it is requested that those of our listeners who reside on the to do all in their to intercept these thugs.

is endeavoring to assist Mrs. of Number in locating her or stolen some time morning or evening.

If any of our have or which answers to the name of and is with two and a will they kindly report same to Station thanks you for any you may give in urgent and for help. Bill Sykes.

THE CLEAN NUMBER—out next week—is guaranteed to be 99% per cent. pure.

## Excelsior!

WIFE kills hubby out of love;  
Applesauce!  
Mediums talk with those above;  
Spinach greens!  
Onions really have no smell;  
Dancing craze has rung its knell;  
Prohibition's working well;  
Abie's Irish Rose!

Claude Binyon.

EARLY ASSYRIAN SCHOOL-TEACHER (to pupil): Assurbanipal, what have I told you about being wasteful? Always write on all six sides of the brick!



## Stepping Sheba holds the stage!

The old song has it that waltzing Casey "married the girl with the strawberry curl—and the band played on!"

A modern version might add—"while his real soul mate squeezed oranges in the pantry!" For now as then, the stepping Sheba holds the stage and heroism is its own reward!

What for that Charleston you've been practising—if you haven't a Seald Sweet Juice Extractor to make short, neat work of the juice-providing job?

Sign on the dotted line today and get yourself one of these splendid little machines. When you need a lot of orange or grapefruit juice in a hurry nothing can compare with the Seald Sweet Extractor. AND it has made grapefruit juice—that marvelous drink and mixer—easily obtainable.

Clamp it to the pantry table. The mightiest grapefruit or the tiniest orange cannot withstand its twirling handle. Gone are all the old citrus casualties. The band can play on—and you be there to dance.

And remember there's one-fourth more juice in Florida Seald Sweet oranges and grapefruit!

The Seald Sweet Extractor gets all the luscious juice from each Seald Sweet orange or grapefruit. Its regular price is \$3.00—postage prepaid, \$3.25 West of the Rockies. We will send it to you for \$1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet orange or grapefruit wrappers.



Check & mail the coupon

The Florida Citrus Exchange  
Tampa, Florida

☐ My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor. \$1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet orange and grapefruit wrappers.

☐ My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor. \$1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet orange and grapefruit wrappers.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Put off buying Shaving Cream a few days



*Accept, please, a  
10-day tube of this  
unique creation  
to try*

**GENTLEMEN:** The last few years have brought many new comforts into people's lives. Palmolive Shaving Cream is one.

Millions are discarding old-type shaving soaps and turning to shaving creams. And Palmolive, we believe, is just the cream you want.

We knew when we started making it that we had a hard path to travel. That most men were wedded to one soap or another. And that to win, we had to excel in many ways.

#### 1000 men told us

So we asked 1000 men to name their ideal in a shaving soap. They named four, and we added the fifth that they had forgotten.

We were qualified to meet those desires as you know. This laboratory is 60 years old. It has created, among other things, Palmolive Soap, the world's leading toilet soap.

We made and discarded 130 formulas before reaching our marked goal. But when we did, we had an amazing creation from what men told us.

- 5 new joys*
1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
  2. Softens the beard in one minute.
  3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
  4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
  5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

#### *This courtesy, please*

Now in courtesy to us will you not accept a trial of Palmolive Shaving Cream? It may be what you want, or it may not. You alone can tell. Send the coupon. We'll rest our case on what you find.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.



3209  
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY  
(Del. Corp.),  
CHICAGO, ILL.

#### 10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1151, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

## Ballade of the Unique Gloom-Chaser

OUT of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
There's one—so far as I can see—  
Relief, one compensating dole,  
One lonely jest that can cajole  
My heart out of its gloomy den.  
Begin the tale and ease my soul!—  
"It seems there were two Irishmen..."

The drunk-at-midnight pleasantry  
You'll never get me to extol;  
Nor will I offer one tee-hee  
At absent-minded profs. Soft coal  
Just gives me grief. The clowns  
whose goal  
Is "Hamlet" make me sob—but then,  
Tell this, and I will roar and roll:  
"It seems there were two Irishmen..."

Fond Pat and Mike! Together, free  
Of cares, they journey far. The  
whole  
Earth may be warring frenziedly,  
But they go gaily on and stroll  
From prank to prank. The comic  
scroll  
Is crammed with them; again and  
again  
I find those words so richly droll:  
"It seems there were two Irishmen..."

#### L'ENVOI

Come, drink to noble Erin: *skool!*  
How can she wane or perish when  
She gave the world that blithesome  
troll,  
"It seems there were two Irish-  
men..."?

*Simonetta.*

## Short Modern Drama

*(Throughout this sketch, the characters speak with a slight Swiss accent.)*

THE scene is a lovely park. A man is strolling up and down; he wears a wide felt hat and carries a scroll. Perhaps he is an artist—it's very hard to tell. There's a lady a short distance behind him, with a small valise.... Finally, she seems to pick up courage and quickens her step. She taps the man on the shoulder. Startled, he turns. They are now standing near a very old bench with but one arm. "Pardon," she says, "I am lonely. Do you mind my speaking to you?" "No," he replies, "but I am very hungry." It starts to rain a little....

CURTAIN.

*L. S. G.*

**WOULD** you like a trip to Europe, with all expenses paid? Watch for announcement of LIFE'S TRAVEL CONTEST in the CLEAN NUMBER—out next week.



## WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

*P*LAIN, blunt transportation can be purchased for less than Wills Sainte Claire. There are those, however, who demand and are willing to pay for a plus element called style. And these constitute the Wills Sainte Claire clientele—as they constitute Bendel's and Pierre's.

WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE, INC  
*Marysville, Michigan*

*When it's evening—  
and your little home resounds with the  
joys of hospitality—when it suddenly  
seems that no other happiness compares  
with receiving and welcoming friends  
—have a Camel!*



No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest, made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes go all of the experience, all of the skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN friends come in. And you are busy making them know their welcome. When friendship and hospitality are the brightest joys in all the world—*have a Camel!*

For no other good thing is so widely shared. Camels make every true friendship truer. There never was a cigarette made that put as much pleasure into smoking and giving smoking pleasure to others as Camels. Camels never tire the taste or leave a cigarettey after-taste. Millions of experienced smokers just wouldn't buy or offer to others any other cigarette but Camels.

So, this night when friends come in to share the warmth of your fire and your friendship—taste then the smoke that is friendly to millions. You may know you are smoking and serving the world's finest cigarette.

*Have a Camel!*



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.

